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Title: Song of Honor

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Why do the mountains  
stand their stead?  
Or the inchworms  
squirm along?  
Why do the stars not  
fail to shine?  
Nor the sea to sing its  
song?  
And tell: why doth the  
eagle fly?  
Far away above the  
wold?  
And wherefore do the  
grey-gulls cry?  
Or the oak its secrets  
hold?  
For each is true unto  
its lot  
And is what it is  
meant to be,  
Nor seeks to be what  
it is not.  
No more, no less: such  
is the key.  
And so, too, is the  
Hon'able heart  
Which knoweth all it  
ought to do.  
For those who take up  
Honor's part  
Are to their own  
selves true.